BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

XVII. THE REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT. I concluded my last letter by saying, if ever there was a myth or misconception in the world, it is that of England's having a representative form of government. The assertion may surprise the American reader, and be discredited by him. though perhaps not so much when he has heard what I have to say in support of it. I spoke of the county constituencies being almost exclusively under control of a small oligarchy of aristocrats who from the time Farliaments were first instituted, even from the witten-gemote, have represented them, and so come to look upon it as a s of ancestral right. They are nearly all of the titled nobility, magnates of the first magnitude, and enter Parliament undisputedly; or if there be dispute it is among themselves, as to which of their sections-Whig or Tory-shall have the seat. But the people at large have little or no say in it, since these rural constituencies are chiefly composed of tenant-farmers who, for reasons already given, are

not free in the easting of their votes. It may be urged that they have the protection of the ballot, which should hold them scathless against landlord disfavor. It has not been found so, however; landlords having little difficulty in discovering how the cat has jumped. But even allowing these tenant-farmers full liberty of vote, with no sinister consequences to accrue, what of it? They are only a fractional part of the rural population, the bulk and body of it having no vote at all, and therefore no more to do with making the laws that govern them than had the Helots of Sparta in shaping the statutes of Lacedlemon. Their only connection with law-making or law administration is the paying what it costs; and this do they, to a tune that entails on them more than half the toil and struggle of their lives. Were these non-voters less intelligent or less politically enlightened than those endowed with the franchise, there might be some excuse for its being withheld from them. But such is not the case; instead, rather the opposite, most of them being quite as capable of a rational and beneficial exercise of it as those who do exercise it, and many of them more, Among English workingmen-as mechanics and the higher grade of laborers-there are many thousands having a far clearer and wider comprebension of political truths than those who employ them. More honesty of political aim, too; being uncorrupted and untrammelted by the petty ambitions and aspirings to social rank which make many of the middle class subservient to the aristoerney.

There has long been talk of admitting these noncitizens to citizenship; such bastard sort of it as English people possess in the meagre privilege of is put of from day to day and year to year, while the wonder is that it could be denied them for a single hour. Possibly they may get it in time; but if Africa, with like results-all merely to exalt housel they do, it will be as a bone thrown to a dog to silence his growling, and they will find it a bare, meatless one, unless there be a total rearrangement of county constituencies. As these are now, it were sheer ludicrous irony to call them a fair representation of the rural people.

Not a whit fairer or better is it with those who dwell in towns; indeed, in many cases worse. The reader will be aware that the basis of the borough franchise is different from that of the courties, and I need not enter into its details. Enough to say that it also excludes the bulk of the population from this very limited exercise of civic rights. Take London il self as example, a city containing over three millions of inhabitants; not one out of every ten being entitled to vote. In like manner is it with all the large provincial towns, as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh. In what sense, then, can this be regarded as a representation of the people?

But I have not yet touched bottom. There are so many shams and deceptions in this so-called representative system, such a network of tricks and contrivances to make it utterly worthless, that time with many words is needed to reveal them. What will Americans think of a legislative assembly in which the vote of one man can neutralize and make rought of those of a hundred? Yet just this is done in the Parliament of England-1 mean vicariously-and not exceptionally, out rather as the rule. There is many a borough whose voting constituency counts less than 300; and of course its often not half this. Yet the member who sits for one of these has as much say in shaping the laws of England as he who represents a constituency of 15,000. It is exactly as if in the American National Legislature, the town of Newport, Rhode Island, was represented by the came number of Congress-men as the great city of New-York. Indeed the analogy does not do justice to my argument; for the people of Newport are presumably as enlightoned and as capable of exercising the franchise as those of New-York, while in England it is altosether different; the voting constituencies of these miniature boroughs being often ignorant, I might almost say, in preportion to their bulk. As instance, I have a friend who sits for one of them, a very worthy gentleman, sent to Parliament over and over again by the votes of 170 men. They are all unlettered fishermen-for the privileged place is by the seaside-knowing little beyond the manipulation of their boats and nets. Yet within the walls of l'arliament my friend's yea or may-in of Absolutism itself. other words the dictum of 170 ignorant fishermenis as potential as though pronounced by the largest and most calightened constituency in the kingdom It is indeed a wonder how little English people are alive to the importance of an equally proportioned franchise; the great body of them being absolutely unaware of the fact that in "equal electoral districts" lie the gist and germ of all representative government. Even the Chartists, in making this one of the "six points" of their Charter, gave it a secondary place, as the despised stone of the builders, while in reality it is the true corner-stone of Liberty's fabric.

Nor have I yet shown the seamiest side of this disproportionate representation of England's people. There is another and more execrable phase of it to be exposed-the way in which these small borough constituencies are controlled. As with those of the counties, many of them are under aristocratic influence, at the beck and nod of some territorial grandee who owns them, or at least owns the houses they inhabit. It is on record that one such beasted that he could put his spaniel into Parliament; and one actually made his groom, or other underling, a member of the House of Commons, just for the joke of the thing, or the winning a wager. These are matters of a past time; but the power still exists, and might be exercised to day or to-morrow except for the fear of creating scandal. Boroughs of this kind are called "pocket boroughs," deriving their quaint appellation from the fact that the individual thus commanding their votes carries them, as it were, in his pocket. Not all the pocket boroughs, however, are under patrician control; the purse of Plutus holding influence over a goodly number of them. It is a well-known fact that there are scores of them purchasable as any other commodity of the market can be bought up. lock, stock and barrel, and are so bought. The late commission of inquiry into contested elections gave ample evidence of this, having brought to light the astounding revelation that the voters of several such boroughs-not small ones either-were bribed, almost to a man! Many of them even boasted of the large sums they had received, after stipulating for, and chaffering over them, without thought of shame or qualm of conscience. One would naturally expect that a candidate for

THE RURALLIFE OF ENGLAND | with the electors. There are always constituencies open to representatives of this kind, and who care for no other, and would not have any other. Nor does the candidate need to be resident among them or even have previous acquaintance with them. He may be a total stranger of unknown antecedents, brought from some distant part of the country-London or elsewhere-his first introduction to his constituency that is to be, given him by the local lawyer who acts as his electioneering agent, often only a few days before the election. But the lawyer himself has been previously made acquainted with his legislative capabilities by having heard the jingle of his gold. This communicated to the covetous constituency has a marvellous, almost magical effect, and presto! the unknown Plutus, who may be the veriest adventurer becomes one of the Senatorial grandees of the great British Empire, on which the sun never sets!

A man without money, or of only moderate means, entering Parliament, is a thing never thought of. Such a man never thinks of it him self; whatever his self-knowledge or fitness or his ambition may be; and no more, however fit others may deem him. Even the preliminary expenses of election are sufficiently deterrent; and what must accrue after, whether elected or rejected, will further impoverish if not totally ruin him. For a poor man. therefore, aspiring to Parliament, the cost makes it absolutely prohibitive; and the few such sent thither are only eccentric exceptions, whose friends and admirers have stood sponsors for them, by footing the bill.

With the House of Commons composed as it is, it were the veriest burlesque to speak of it as a representative assembly. In numbers it has enough and to spare, but in all clse deficiency; and I venture the affirmation that if the names of the first thousand men met promenading the streets of London, were written upon slips of paper, thrown into a bat, and 652 of them drawn out again by blind lottery, they would be found quite as fit legislators as the elect of St. Stephen's. Perhaps better fit, for allowing them only the fair average of honesty and capacity, it is not likely there would be as many numbskulls and political empiries among them; certainly there could not be more.

In serious truth, the Parliament of England, as at present constituted, represents not the English people in any way worth their being represented. And just for this reason is it all but powerless; as the Crown and its secret advisers thoroughly well know. Indeed its action is almost as mythical as its imaginary representation. In proof of this many events of daily occurrence might be adduced; but none better demonstrating it than the vagaries of the late Lord Beaconsfield; who, as Prime Minister, for a matter of six years ruled the realm as though Parliament had been swept out of existence. With the Crown at his back and nothing else, he declared wars, and levied armies to wage them; ordered troops to be transported from voting for a Member of Parliament. But even this India to Malta and back again; decreed an invasion of Afgbanistan which, commencing with dishonor, ended in disgrace; did the same in Southern and gratify the vainglory of the god Jings-that malevolent divinity too oft presiding over the destinies of England. And all this murderous, wasteful work was done without the authority of Parliament, or warning given to it, even so much as saying " with your leave." When done, Parliament was merely asked to pay the bill, or rather demanded to do so, since it could not well be repudiated. The extravagant expenditure, not yet paid por fully audited, has cost the nation some £40,000,000 sterling; a sacrifice that will bring retribution for the wrongs done, if not humilia-

elective majority will be a still smaller number - To them the Privy Conneil is a mysterious but

to morrow, and permanently, it would not be greatly missed.

So I once more repeat my assertion, with the hope that I have justified it, saying: If ever there was a myth or misconception in the world, it is that of England's having a representative form of government. Nor fear I to add that one nearer the opposite could not well be contrived or imagined, short

WEDDED.

From The Theatre.

Now that I hold thee with a husband's right,
Turn thy dear head, sweet wife, and let it re
Within my ensirefing arms, which thus enfold
Of earth the putest, of thy sex the best.

Let thy smile-winning lips all tremulous, Press soft on mine a soul-enthralling kiss, An earnest of the happy years to us, Of unalloyed, yea' perfect weaded bliss.

So let the sunlight of thy presence shine Athwart the future vision of my life.

Thy gentler spirit radiate through mine.

And make me worther of thy love, sweet wife.

HOW DOUGLASS WAS SAVED. From The Philadelphia Record.

"Yes, sir; I am the man who saved Fred Douglass from being hanged when 'Old John Brown' was captured at Harper's Ferry. I suppressed a dispatch addressed to the sheriff of Philadelphia, instructing him to arrest Douglass, who was then in that city, as proofs of his complicity in the memorable raid were discovered when John Brown was taken into eastery."

Seated on the doorstep of his cosy cottage, a few miles outside of Vineland, N. J. was John W. Burn, a pleasant, gray-bearded man of sixty, who, when questioned, answered as above respecting the aid rendered by him to the noted abolitionist.

"At that time I was a telegraph operator located in Philadelphia," continued Mr. Hurn, "and when I received the dispatch. I was frightened hearly out

of my wits. As I was an arrent admirer of the great ex-slave, who was doing all that mortal could do to agitate the anti-slavery question. I resolved to warn flouglass of his impending fate, no matter what the result might be to me. The news had just been spread throughout the country of the bold action of John Brown and his intreoid followers in taking the little town of Harper's Ferry. Every-body was excited, and public feeling ran high. Before the intelligence came that Brown had been captured the dispatch I have mentioned was sent by the sherift of Franklin County, Fenn., to the by the sherift of Franklin County, Penn., to the sherift of Philadelphia, informing him that Donglass had been one of the leading conspirators, and requesting that he should be immediately apprehended. Though I knew it was illegal to do so I quietly put the dispatch in my pocket, and asking another operator to take my place started on my search for Fred Donglass. I went directly to Miller McKim, the secretary of the contraband, undergreund fugitive railway office in Philadelphia, and inquired for my man. Mr. McKim hestated to tell me, whereupen I showed him the dispatch and promised him not to allow it to be delivered within three hours. I teld him I would not do this unless

reached his home in Rochester, New-York, in safety, destroyed the compremising documents, and then packed his gripsack and started for Canada. It was fortunate for him that he left as soon as he did, for immediately after his departure from Rochester his home was surrounded by officers.

"Those were queer times, and persons had to be careful what they did and said I did not tell of my share in the rescue, for I feared the power of the slave party, as they could have had me imprisoned. When I look back and think what I did to save that man from the gallows—for he would undoubtedly have gone there had he been arrested—I feel that I am rewarded by contemplating that the life saved was well worth saving."

THE GHOST.

From The Boston Courier. Hushed and still, Jewelled night, with epal moon, Reigns, at her impressive noon, Clear and chill.

At the open window here, Fancied faces dim and queer Past me flit.

Murmurs dread, From the broading willow there, Mean a endence of despair For the dead.

In the moonlight-mottled street Rumbling wheels and hoof-strokes fleet Shake the ground. Hark! a sound!

Something panses. Naught is seen, Though in moonbeams' whitest sheen Something waits

Hush! I hear Rustle of a silken train, Dainty steps, a sob of pain. Who is here !

Shadows thrown From the willow weirdly fall, Dance and linger on the wall. Shades alone.

Paint and rare Sieals a perfume through the room Waited from the gathered gloom Over there.

Fancies dread

Echo from a story old, Weeping willow would unfold Of the dead. W. S. RICHARDSON.

FRANCESCA GARIBALDI.

Rallian Correspondence Boston Advertiser The effect of prosperity on the contadina Fran-cesca, whom Garibaidi married for his third wife, is amusing. She was the childs-nurse of Garibaidi's daughter, Terezita Canzio, it will be remembered a common uneducated peasant woman from a ntain vilinge in the country above Milan, who it to wash at the public tountain of the village, used to wash at the public foundation deed those barefeet. Her daily intercourse with Garbhaidi and his associates, the command of large small money, have developed her into a "fine lady." Sicis course and common-looking, but sharp, keenwrited and has learned the powerful influence of fine clothes, rich surroundings, and a cold, silent

exterior.

A person who visited Garibaldi this autumn, when he was at Napies, came to see me the following week, and gave me an account of the visit. Francesca was dressed in the latest fashion. She sends to Paris for her gowns and bouncts, She brought over from Caprem sixty boves and tranks for their last journey to South Italy and Skelly! There was a grand being and a bare in the largage. ere was a grand plane and a barp in the lugage e has a totor for Manbo, a governess for Cleha, a ident music teacher and two lady's maids! The See has a totor for Manno, a sylving resident masse teacher and two lady's maids! The person who paid the visit was an old and beloved frend of Garibaldi, an extreme democrat, therefore obnoxious to the sharp signited Francesca, who long ago discovered that her best raterest lay in respecting the Government and guarding her has band jealously from interviews with old friends who might induce him to talk intermediate. Thus the visitor, who had travelled a long distance to have an interview with Garibaldi, comid not get sight of him. Francesca received the guest engrand inner and with ceremons, was extremely polite, but coil and silent. When the visitor asked to see Garibaldi, told of the long journey made tof the purpose, the only satisfaction was, "Mireneresce moite, male impossible, if Generale c pocobene. I medici manno protabito le visite" [1 am very sorry, on it is impossible. The General is ill. The doctors may forbinden visitors.)

swallow up everybody, and the only question which was happortant to him was how a lew could escape it. In the right of this vast and a win problem, the mere temporary humer of an Indian, or the conduct of an Indian, or the ignorance or barbarity of an Indian, was of very training moment. He kept severely away from the indian, and I have not the slightest could that they were glad of it. He shuffled his feet over that one board in his study, and shoved his pen over that one table, and wept and shoved his pen over that one table, and wept softly to himself, or veclierously when he felt like it—now in terror test his own sont should be lost, now in loy because he thought it would be saved, while Mrs. Edwards was patiently raising a mortgage and c even children out in the kitchen. If wails could listen and recollect and repeat, I know I should hear a said voice still piping in the front hall: Jonthan! Oh Jonathan! for heaven's sake, and all our sakes, sive crying and take care of these cames while I hang out the clothes, set that hen, feed that good-for-authory layan, bake the pie, mend Uriah's trousers, chop some wood and churn the butter!"

He must have been as uncomfortable a person to

mend treams thousers, coop same wood and character the butter."

He must have been as uncomfortable a person to recomption—and be neglected everything class to recomption—and the neglected everything class to futility. "From my childhood up," he says in one of his celebrated works, "my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty in choosing whom He would to eternal life, and rejecting whom He word well when I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God. . From that day to this I have scarcely ever found so much as the rising or an objection against it. . These have often appeared to me as sweet and gractous decirines. They have been much my delight." As a missionary he was a failure. His place was among ideas, not Indians. He was disqualified by his reserve, his contemplative habits, his love for abstract speculation. An Indian was of no consequence to him unless he could be hit bed on to balance a syllogism.

He was always dreamy and abstracted. An old citizen tells me a story of him which is characteristic. His only exercise was horseback riding—out through the helds, as there were no roads then, and it there had been they wouldn't have led anywhere, as all around was a wilderness. One day he rode out and turned toward a pair of bars, which a neighbor's boy took down be it him pass, "Good morning, my little man?" said the dominie, "whose boy are you?" "Mr. Sargent's, said the boy, a little piqued that he was not recognized by one who saw him so often. Presently Dr. Edwards rode back pondering and dreaming as he cause. The youth and the old man reason for a He must have been as uncomfortable a person to

the spirited youth, and the old man ceasing for a moment to some after the illimitable and dive after the uniathomable, cast upon the urchin a surprised

LEGAL JOKES. From The Pull Mail Gazette.

From The Pall Moil Gazelle.

Lord Elienborough, noted as a hanging judge, having said he would take beef at dinner, was told he'd "be sure to like it, because it was well hung." Perhaps the grimmest loke on that subject was that of Mr. Justi-e Fage, also a well-known hanging judge, who, being asked after his health as he was coming out of court, answered, "Fretty well; you see I keep just hanging on—hanging on."

The first story in the book is that of the only lawyer who ever went to heaven. He was refused admission by St. Feter, but having thrown his hat inside was allowed to go in to get it, and having once got in, as St. Feter could not leave the gate to turn him out rejused to come out again. One of

Parliamentary honors would be required to give some proof of his fitness for Parliamentary duties. But in boroughs like these no such qualification is needed. With them, political capacity and knowledge of any useful kind-are the least and last things thought of. Money will make them take the wall; and well the man of money knows it—feels as certain of ensering Parliament, if he only pay the price, as he would of an opera box by purchasing a ticket. It is simply a question of how much he is ticket. It is simply a question of how much he is ticket. It is simply a question of how much he is electioneering agent, who in turn makes it square

reached his home in Rochester, New-York, in safety, destroyed the compromising documents, and

A PAPER BY JOHN ALBEE. YOUTHFUL VIEWS OF EMERSON-HIS THEORIFS OF EDUCATION-A DAY WITH EMERSON AND THO-REAU-SOME PERSONAL TRAITS. Read yesterday at the Concord School of Philosophy.

It is natural to wish for personal communication with great men. We are drawn to them as to a finer climate. Young men seek them with an instinctive hope of receiving a direct gift which will brighten them selves with some beam of greatness; older men divise that only so much as they take with them will they carry away. The confidence of youth is nobler, if more unenlightened. In going to cele brated persons it does uncover treasures of a singular sort; among them disappointment and mortification. It recognizes enough of greatness to discover its own littleness. It finds that it cannot come very near the great man because, as yet, it has no orbit of its own. But at a distance all is compensated by the imagination. At a distance we figure a magnificence in the presence and affairs of figure a magnificence in the presence and another and the specific properties of the presence and another presence and another presence and another presence are another in a college; an exploring expedition, if one gird to hear him say it, because I know there were driven by the presence and another pr dirty hands and big feet, eats with a knife, and no end of uncomfortable manners bank the would-be admirer. When its genius is predominant it retires to its adytum, whither we cannot follow; we cannot eatch it in the act of being genius; we remain its literary tone and from the access to books it on the outside, with its follies or its flattering equalifies. And there is a shadow of regret to see the man whose pages suggest only the fairest ideal living subject to most of the vulgar conditions which torment mankind. Prudence hints that it would be wise to keep away. But we cannot; we must embrace; we must have speech with the being so like, so unlike, what we are. If we cannot approach the god on his mountain, we will surprise him tending his sheep or frolicking on all fours with his children.

There was perhaps more congruity in the presence and conversation of Emerson with the ideal one naturally formed of him than usually happens. I think this is partly the cause of the powerful impression he has made upon his contemporaries. His manner of life, the man himself, was at one with his thought; his thought at one with its expression. There were no paradoxes, none of the supposed weaknesses of genrus, to wonder at or to be forgiven and forgotten. He spoke of Nature not as an elegant ornament of his pages, but because he lived near to her. In meeting him, the disappointments, if any there were, one found in binself. For he measured men so that they became aware of their own state; not oppressively, but by a flashing, inward dimmination, because he placed something to their credit that could not stand the test of their

EARLY ACQUAINTANCE WITH EMERSON'S WORKS. The little contribution I wish to make to this day's meneories concerns a time so remete that I may be paraloned its personality. It concerns a time when the reality seems strangely like a dream; and when secually the dream became real. It concerns a boy who had never heard of Emerson-nor anybody che-mitil he read "Representative Men"; who could find none to tell him whether the book was by a living or dead writer, whether by an American or 'nglishman; and in vain did he seek for zome one who had read it and could sympathize with his own feeling in regard to it. Fortunately; for had that lit, le Puritan community to which the boy belonged known Emerson, he would have been anathema, and the boy's trouble would have occur promaturely. Communities and churches now claim to dend sage; but formerly they would not tolerate even those who read him in schence. How much shait we be changed before we change! In hen

tion I wanted—the word that made education worth while and study prolitable; a foundation and not a perpetual scaffolding. These pages opened for me a path, and opened it through solid wasts of ignorance and blinding environments.

All that is now far, far away, and seems, indeed, an alien history; yet, however much one may have wandered amongs famous books, it would be ungrateful not to remember the one book which was the talisman to all its fellows. The first work w read with an ardent mental awakening teaches us how to read and gives to us a power of divination in the choice of reading. One by one we grapple with these books, exhaust their magical first influence over us, and by these assimilations build up our own structure. I should be giad to read Emer son's volumes again for the first time, I cannot now recover the old scusation. I open them memo-rially. I like the author I am reading better; but their generative power one recognizes in many a successor. If you have lived in and through Emerson's literature you will never die while there is a good book still to be read or to be written in the world. It creates an immortal appetite and expectation. THE APPETITE OF YOUTH,

I closed the volume of "Representative Men" and out it tack in its plane. But I could not leave if there, and I could not afford to purchase it. However, I did: it cost all I was worth-75 centsand gave to me my only worth, and I went away rich, excited, expectant. I read it until I had drawn out as much as there was for me at that time seemed to have been written for me. Youth is full of remarkable discoveries and affinities Nothing looks its houry age, nor hints, to fresh young life, of an unnumbered coincidence in human experience; otherwise we should be born old, or seeing the monotone as revolution should not wish to live. But we begin with an enormous appetite for the spectacle, and soon wish to become a part of it. Everything solicits us to be an actor, even our dreams. I did not understand "Representative in the sense of mastering the printed page but what one finds in books is not always just that : it is sometimes provocation, the winged impulse toward the light, toward mental activity and selfexpression, and intercourse with all that is strong and levely. To this end some books seem to designate themselves with an especial character and em-

It was not long before other of Emerson's writ ings came to light; and I cannot help remarking here how an ingenuous and instinctive intellectual appetite is fated to find its congenial nutriment But what belongs to us is seeking us also. Emerson was the prophet of young men, and his voice had a miraculous faculty of reaching them in the most obscure and unexpected places. And usually this was followed by some sort of personal inter-course. The enterprise of young men is to possess the thing they love. Possession cools this ardor. and soon enough we care for the book rather than the author, when we can, unhindered by the intoxicating personality, calmly weigh its work. I believe Emerson liked to meet those whom his books had reached and moved. He was always accessible

the boldness to write to him and the good fortune to be answered. In my note I had selicited his opinion in regard to college education. I will quote so much of his reply as is not personal: "To a brave soul it really seems indifferent whether its tuition is in or out of college. And yet I confess to a strong bias in favor of college. I think we cannot give ourselves too many advantages; and he that goes to Cambridge has free the best of that kind. When he has seen their little all, he will rate it very moderately beside that which he brought thather. There are many things much betone's proper art; but in the common run of opportunities and with no more than the common proportion of energy in ourselves, a college is safest, from gives: mainly that it introduces you to the best of your contemporaries. But if you can easily come

gives; mainly that it introduces you to the best of your contemporaries. But if you can easily come to Concord and spend an afternoon with me we could talk over the whole case by the river bank."

I had not then the courage or the opportunity to accept his friendly invitation. But the next year, being not far frem Concord, at the Philips Academy of Andover, I thought the time had come. For life there had become insupportable; I was ready to abandon college education, unless encouraged by some other arguments than those I could draw from the character of the priparation. My only intimate at Andover, William T. Harris, the philosopher, had been able to escape be times and left me without a companion. Necessity compeled me to remain if I wished togo to college. While Harris was there, we contrived, and a crowd of youth, in all stages of preparation for the inmistry, from conviction of sin to full-blown Callyniam, to maintain several starvelting muses. With two flutes, a small telescope, much poetry and the beginnings of that philesonly which he has since so splendidly fulfilled, we nourished our aspirations and all the indefinable emotions of youth.

I had now a precise object and need of seeing Emerson. I thought he could advise me how to become educated and where. For the school seemed to offer nathing i much wanted. Its methods were bruial and monkish; its regimen, that is, its dornitories and commons-table, has always kept some thousands of dyspeptic alumin in this world and I know not how many in the other, and maintained thereby the chief hulwark of a bad creed, a bad direction. For one of its disciples confessed to me that he got up in the morning a Unitarian, but toward alignt the grawing in his stomach brought him round to Orthodoxy.

A DAY WITH EMPRISON AND THOREAU.

A DAY WITH EMERSON AND THOREAU. I therefore set out one damp day in May, 1852, In search of the oracle that was to answer my questions, and who was the voice of a destiny. What treplations and misarvangs! For, unfortunately, one thinks what sort of a figure he will himself cut; he remembers his youth and its insignificance to any but himself; and the greatness of the great is vasity exaggerated by the comparison. It seemed to me 1 was going to speak with a man who, like the person in Plutarnh's story, only conversed with men one day in the year; the remainder he speat with the nymphs and decinous. And that day, for the current year, had been allotted to me. The fact that I went clandestinely, that Emerson's name and books were never mentioned or heard of by anyone in my citcle, and that I was almost whelly unaware of the other members of his circle, you have the conditions of the other members of his circle, you have the conditions and distinct that you was the call d me to look at the single painting on the valis of his study and library, a copy of Angelo "Taics." We looked at the single painting on the valis of his study and library, a copy of Angelo "Taics." We looked at the single painting on the valis of his study and library, a copy of Angelo "Taics." We looked at the single painting on the valis of his study and library, a copy of Angelo "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund the with hose "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund to do with those "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund the will have been alloued by might have been fund the will have been alloued by might have been fund the will have been fund to do with those "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund to do with those "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund to do with those "Taics." We looked at in silence. It had not have been alloued by might have been fund the with have been fund to d a search of the oracle that was to answer my queswhelly unaware of the other members of his circle, called sometimes the Transcendentalists, or their works and influence, probably added a certain zest

Fig. 100,000,000 sterling; a scartine tax variation for the service of the scartinal properties of the service of the scartinal properties of inition between the postlie stys somewhere that some dishes recommend
themselves to our imagnations as well as paintes.
"In parched cora, for instance, there is a bandlest
sympathy between the bursting seed and the more
perfect developments of vegetable life. It is a perlect power with its petals, take the houst and or
amen ne. On my warm neart these cereanian blessoms expanded." I never saw therean again until
I heard him to floot an auster half tecture on John
Brovn. But meantime the "Week on Concord and
Merrimac Rivers" and become one of my favorite
books; and i have aloned for my continua and untimely want of recognition by bringing from my
ocean beach a smooth people to his carra at Walden.
And I gathered the some in the ancient pharmacencrial manner with the spell of one of Lacreau's
songs:

"My sale coupleyment 'tis and scrupulous es To piace my galas beyond the resear of this Each smoother setule, and cach shell more is Waren ocean kindly to my hand condities."

Water occar can be a superior of an atternoon and evening it is impossible to relate all that was said. One thinks he shall never forget a word of such a neurorable day; out a leagth if gets everland to ne channels of the memory, and only reappears and if when mealled for, I find as nown in my harr of the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology days or the day two or three things which a toology of the day two or three othery of the day two or three things which a thousand observers have remarked; that kinerson spoke in a much poon for manner, justifying the lext of Thoreau toat "you must be calm before your, in itter or deles"; that he exten he strated for a word, but that it was the right one he waited for; that he sometimes expressed innorth my shealty, and like a book. This meant, i suppose, that the style and others were novel to me, being then only used to hang of school boys and the magisterial manner of principles. He school howed in the eye the person addressed, and school put direct questions. I fairly this was a part of his extreme deficacy of manners.

paramets.

As soon as I could I introduced the problem I came to propound, What course a young man must take to get the best kind of education. Emerson pleaded always for the college; said he entered himself at fourteen. This areased the wrath of Tuoreau, who would not allow any good to the college ourse. And here it seemed to me Emersen said things on purpose to draw Thoreau's fire and to minuse himself. When the cerriculum at Carebridge was alluded to, and Emerson casually remarks : that most of the branches were taught there. Thereau seized one of hisopportunities and replied; Yes, indeed, all the branches and none of the roots." At this Emerson laughed a long time, So without conclusions, or more light than two strong men's assertions can give, I heard for an hour the question I desired agniated. At that period it seemed to me men acquired by mere industry all they had; and that pretentious Americanism, always illustrated by Franklin or from the United States Senate or White House, of self-made men, had so impressed all the young men I knew that inferring Emerson had made hinself what he was and yet had gone to college, I sided with his views, and thought Thorean eccentree and his opinions rather wilful. Yet Thoreau had been to college; but at some strange epoch in his life he had broken with his past, and many of the traditions and conventions of his contemporaries. He had resolved to hive scending to nature; but had the usual weakness to publish the fact and

but had the usual weakness to publish the fact and explain the proceeding. It had never, however, tho tone of apology; and it is our good fortune that he was not too singularly great to feel the need of com-municating himself to his kind. Never has any writer so identified himself with nature and made it the symbol of his interior life. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish Thorean from his compan-ions, the woods, the woodchucks, the birds, the pond and cordial. His manners,—how shall one speak justly of them! They were those of the finest women one has ever seen or heard of, blended with ogon in nature. It was natural, therefore, that to

those magnificent moments in the lives of ancient sages and demigods which make the ideals of human intercourse. They were trimphant, and just a little oppressive in their novelty, until one had adjusted himself to them. His presence and conversation were a few more pages of the essays on Heroism, Poetry, Love, Circles and Great Men; so that when you arrive at his door you enter the same house you left behind in his books.

EMERSON ON COLLEGE TRAINING.

After I had read in Emerson for some time I had the beldness to write to him and the good fortune the beldness to write to him and the good fortune.

EMERSON'S VIEWS OF WEN AND BOOKS.

EMERSON'S VIEWS OF MEN AND BOOKS. In his conversation with me he spoke more of men and books than of nature. He commended Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments"; also J. St. John's volume on "Greek Manners and Customs," Doubtiess he conformed himself to his visitor and became a bit of pedagogue. Then he talked of Chancer with great enthusiasm, and quoted a couplet in a tone and modulation which sounded the perfect organ of the lines. Of Plate, I remember his saying that it was a great day in a man's life when he first read the "Banquet." I was such days, having had one such in my short life, and engerly i heard there were to be more. He brought forth some souvenirs of men and literature. Among them a daguerreotype of Carlyle; he spoke. of his physiognomy, his heavy eyebrows and projecting base of the forehead, underset by the heavy lower jaw and lip, between which as between millstones, he said, every humbug was sure to be pulverized. The brow pierced it, the jowl crunched it! His under lip, Emerson said, Channing called whapper-jawed." I asked him something about Carlyle's manner of speech, remembering to have read somewhere of a peculiar refrain in his conversation. Then he good-naturedly imitated it for me. He said the conspicuous point in Carlyle's style was his strength of statement. I think at this date those critics who can never see but one object at a time, whose only insight is a reference of one creative gift to another, were still insisting that Emerson was only the adulterated echo of Carlyle. In 1848 they received a pounding from Mr. J. E. Lewell, who drew up in a rather pedantic, antithetical form the resemblances and contrasts between Carlyle and Emerson. However, satire after its panegyries, must have its own victims; and Mr. Lowell went on to commit the same mistake in regard to supposed imitators of Emerson that already had been made in regard to Cariyle's. Among Eme, son's literary treasures he showed me a folio copy of Montaigne, which had belonged once, as I understood, to the library of Joseph Bonaparie. It had a fine engraving of Montaigne; under it the scales and the famous motte, "Quesquisje?"-What do I know? This I took to be the volume before Emerson when he wrote; "As I look at his effigy opposite the title-page I seem

Last he call d me to look at the single painting on like these old books; or rather gird that you

" Eyes that the beam or estial view which evermore make all things new,"

TRAITS OF EMERSON'S CHARACTER. I have heard and read since many accounts from various persons, of their intercourse with Emerson, such as was both casual and habitual. Some have been made public since his departure. In the I BIBUNE of April 28 I endeavored to summarise and convey what Emerson was to the young men of my time. By a natural affinity we who were his readers soon found each other. It is under cover of a partial general agreement that we allow ourselves to feel that he spoke for young men and women; that he was their champion in the fresh, mysterious impulses of a new day; that he spoke of what they were as yet only feeling, imaging poetry and philosophy in due proportions for their building minds; and that in personal intercourse with them he acted the part of a lover, tereourse with them he acted the part of a lover, pretending that they were the wisdom and in piration of all his thought; while, in truth, they were indebted to him for a certain beautiful exaltation of purpose and conduct which fitted them to be his autonome, and the object of his solicitade and admiration. Whoever plants seeds and afterward enjoys the flower or fruit does not much remember his labor, so great is his joy, and gives the croud to sin and shower.

Emerson's hope and concrosity were the source of his intellectual power. Not a descent through seven go acrations gave it, but an ascent through the loay but broken lines of loftest go ins of all ages.

Nature's beguest given nothing, but doth end;

"Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend; And being trank, she lends to those are free." Since the days of Socrate, no young men have been more tortunate than those who came must be carele of his influence and acquaintance. But there were others who wished to gather some marketable great from this elm. There were these who wished were others who wished to gather some marketable frost from this elm. There were those who wished to substitute him to some school, party, or seet. I think that Emerson knew his interlocutor, his man, very well. He had not packed your trank, but he divised its contents. He did not resist too much; he did not waste his force in varia disputation, but he was the flower were.

shewed the tires is verse in valid displication, our observed the tires is were in the miss is all in valid, be not wise at all; and I have heard of him going to bed to escape attenuent. He punished the Western men who pressed him too hard with question and objection, by reporting that the St. Louis legicans reflect him in the malf.

He knew his man well. His kindness and tact The knew his man well. His kindness and that were never at fault. Some one has related that calling on him, he fumbles, about his room for—a ripe pear! Well, he understood when to proffer pears and when deas. The Pythan oracle was ambiguous when the suppliant came upon a trivial errand. When men came only to have their fortunes told, or to know how their pedding wend prosper, the response became confused and diminished. It d d not know what to sy. Then men accused it of obscurity and provarieation. They bened what should have silenced them. It is easy to be inspired at a noble demand. As long as there are sincere, extrest seekers, so long will the clenced what should have case to be inspired at a noble demand. As long as there are sincere, carnest seekers, so long will the oracles continue, and continue divine. Emerson refused to dogmantze about what is necessarily obscure at present. So some thought him on that

count obscure. To all that man has achieved, and to all man's To all that man has achieved, and to all man's hopes, he was vividly responsive, and maintained no doubtful station. In poetry and nature, wherein he was greatest, it is to be considered that the mest perfect imaginative expression is so identified with objects themselves as necessarily to share in their mystery, and to be capable of their own manifold interpretation. He discovered a new method of thinking about man and nature; he endeavoyed to report what they said to him in their innost being. Others have used them as symbols of life; he tried to penetrate the symbol itself. This gave an elevation to bis style, so that error was giad to be vanquished by such a screen voice, and feil down without noise or commotion.

"A goatle death did Falsehood die,